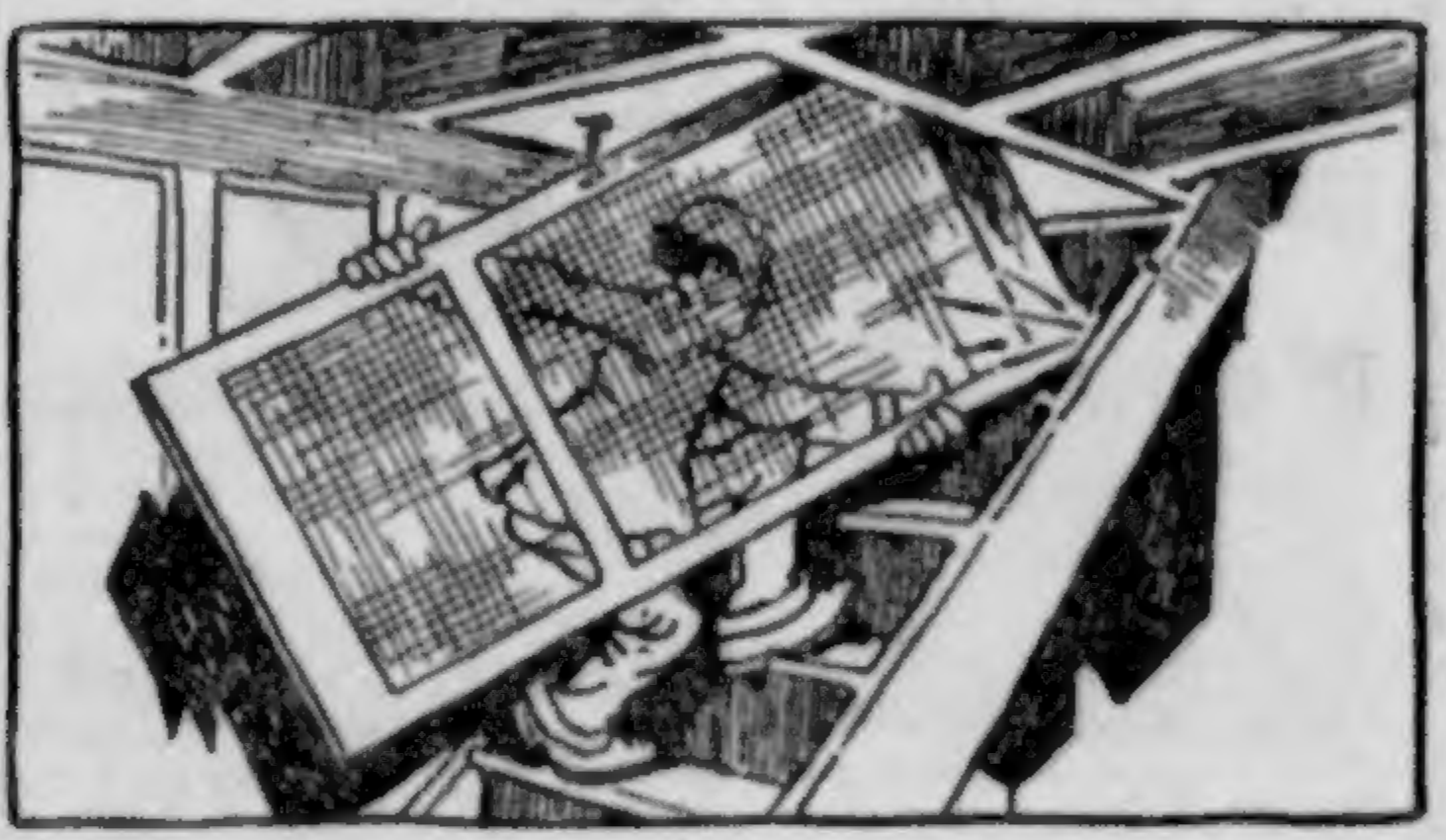
SO THOUGHTFUL OF HER

Wife: James, don't be so selfish with the umbrella. Can't you see mother is getting wet? Hold it over her, too.

STAR DUST

IT WAS AN EASY GUESS.



Holmes spent part of the morning carrying screen doors to the attic.

He thought his friends must have the Sherlock Holmes stunt down fine—until one of them explained to him.

HERE ARE THOSE NEW DRESS HINTS FOR MEN

THE PADDOCK COAT WILL BE AU FAIT.
MORE POINTED TOE AND HEAVIER SOLES
WIDE LAPELS AND CONSPICUOUS STITCHING
DERBY HAT WILL HAVE LITTLE FLATTER BRIM
SOFT HATS IN VARIED SHAPES WILL BE POPULAR
COLORED SOCKS TO THE DUMP

AN IMPOLITE ESCORT

"It's just like you, Henry Feathers, to throw the care of this child on me. If she's run over and killed you can blame yourself."

ANOTHER PEST OF THE STREET CARS

BUT THE PROBLEM WAS THERE

"How did you do with your melodrama last season?"

"Melodrama? My dear fellow, I didn't take out a melodrama last season. It was a problem play."

"Why, I didn't see any problem in it."

"Certainly not. That was because you didn't have to find the money to pay the actors' salaries."

"What's all that bunch of stuff?"

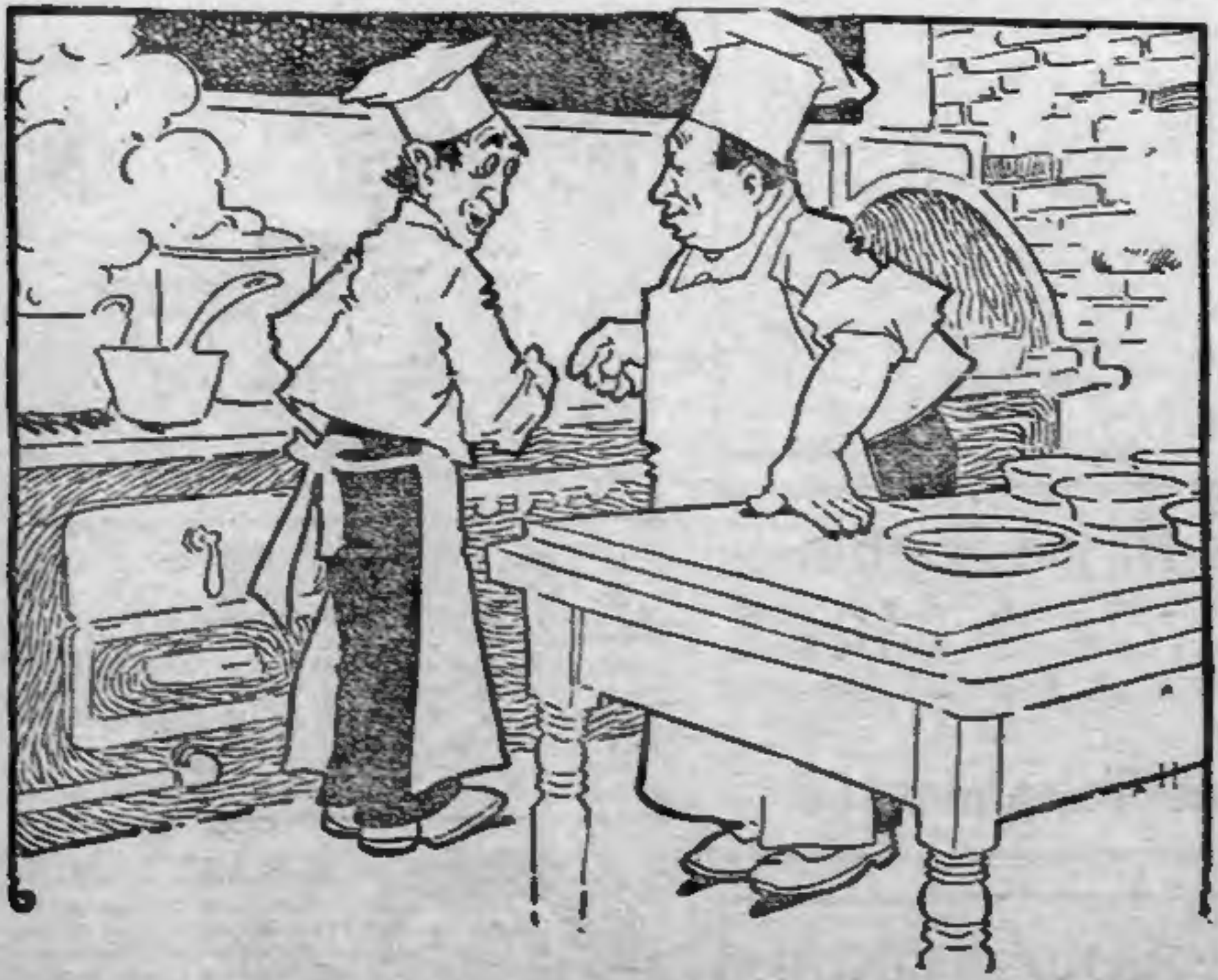
"Our little girl made herself sick yesterday, eating too much pudding, and I'm taking home a few of the remedies suggested by the child's two grandmothers."

"The orchestra seems to play with an unusual amount of feeling this evening."

"Well, it ought to. The director has rheumatism in both legs."

"Vanity, Vanity," Said the Barber.

DISAPPOINTING NOBODY



"What did you do with that corned beef hash I left here?"

"Thunderation! I thought that was mincemeat and I made it up into pies!"

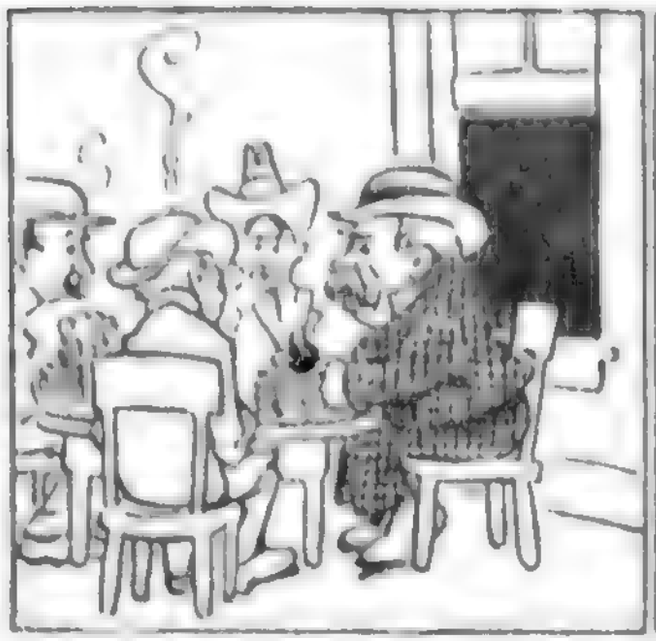
"Well, then, poach an egg and drop it on the mincemeat. I just got an order from the dining room for corned beef hash."

THEY AGREED WITH HIM

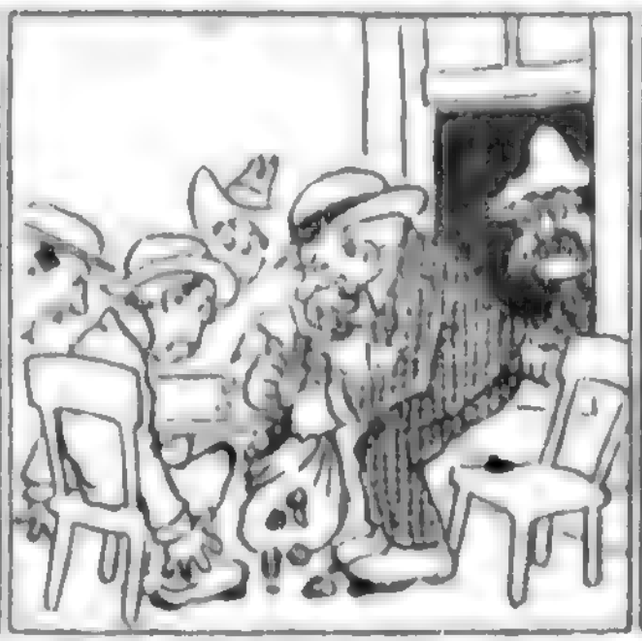
At the annual banquet of the Actors' club:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have shown me in selecting me as your president, but I cannot act."—(Loud applause.)

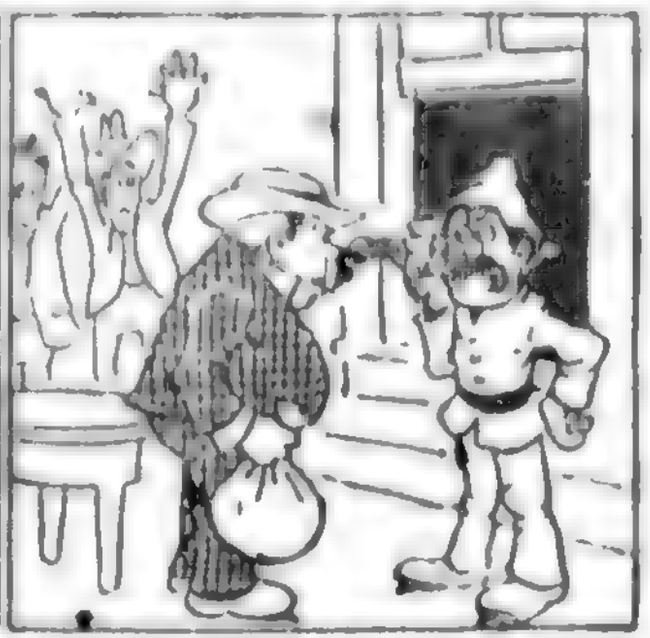
"HELD FOR A MILLION, OR BAD LUCK TO THE RICH"



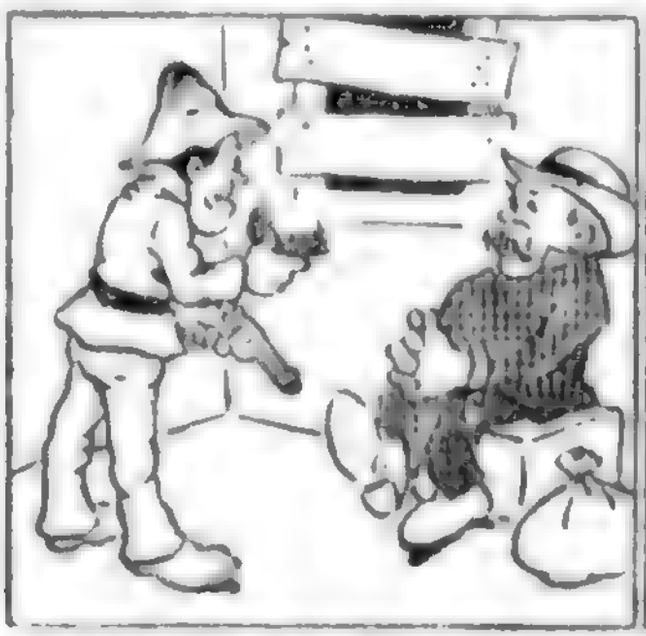
Act I—I see your $1,000,000 and will raise you $1,000,000 more."



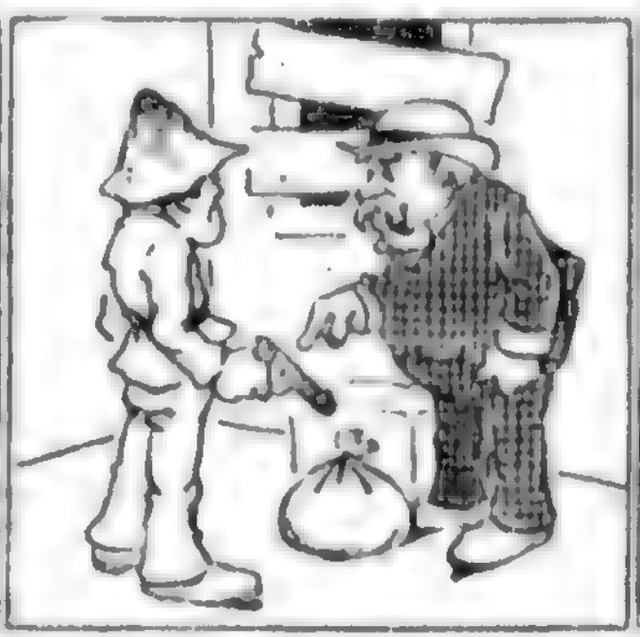
Act II—"Well, boys, that was easy. I had only a pair of deuces."



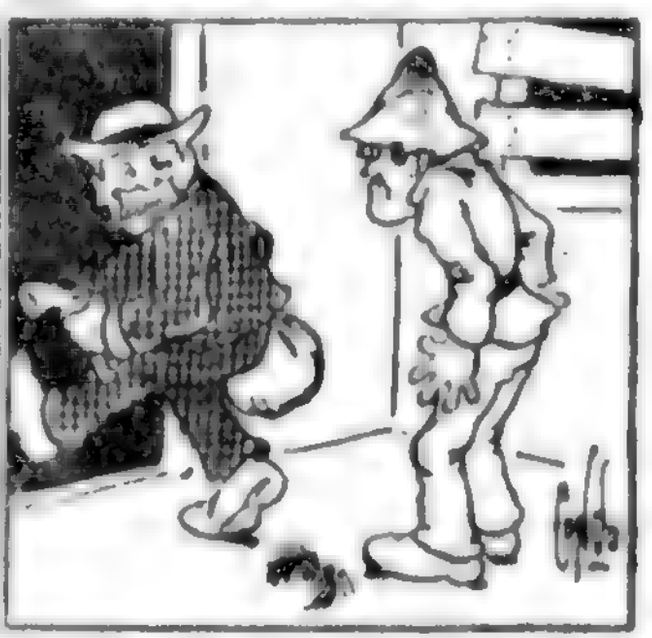
Act III—"Hands up, gentlemen! John W. Gates, you are my prisoner!"



Act IV—"Who are you?" "Who are you?" I'm Pat Crowe, the money against your gun that you're kidnaped."



Act V—"Say, Pat, I'll bet this coming. Let's see your gun."



Act VI—"Ah, thank you, Mr. [illegible], but I have an engagement at 4. Good-by."

WHEN HIS COAT'S ON

"Don't you think that fellow, Frothingham is assuming a great responsibility in getting married:"

"He can stand responsibility, all right. His shoulders are wide."

RUSSIAN JEW'S PROBLEM

TO SAVE THE RACE FROM THE FRIGHTFUL FEROCITY IT IS NOW ENDURING, THE RUSSIAN JEW MUST SEIZE THE NEW DEMOCRACY, USING THE WEAPON OF COMMERCE. SPECIAL ARTICLES ON TODAY'S CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA DIRECT FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

THE RUSSIAN JEW'S OPPORTUNITY.

This article on the problem of the Jews in Russia has just arrived direct from St. Petersburg, where the special correspondent of The Press has been studying conditions as they are preliminary to the establishment of constitutional government. Other articles, written right up to the moment and of limitless interest, will follow in a few immediately.—Editor.

tocracy by turning on their Jewish fellow townsmen and treating them with a ferocity never excelled by the most bloodthirsty czars that have occupied the Russian throne.

Russia's first offering on the altar of freedom is the blood of thousands of Jews, whose only offense is that they are not members of the orthodox Russian church. The Jews have been hounded like wild beasts, their homes burned, their secrets. People of supposed enlightened minds have joined in the outrages, or else have condoned them. rescue of the Jews have been young students carried away by their enthusiasm for the rights of men and by their pure democratic principles, learned from text books that have been smuggled into Russia. These boys, none much over 21 or 22, have stood up for the Jews. But public opinion has been against them and they have met death at the hands of the soldiers, called out to protect property and life, but protecting only the right of a Christian to murder a Jew.

The massacre of Jews that has been going on is permitted because public opinion in provincial towns favors it.

The Jews, unless they can force concessions from the new masters of Russia, will continue to live the life of dogs. It is doubtful whether they will be given the full right to vote for members of the new parliament.

At the bottom of the question is a fear of the Jews on the part of the Slavs. The people of Russia know that the Jews are as a class the best educated people in the czar's dominions, and if allowed to participate in national legislation, will dominate the situation by sheer intellectual weight.

The weapons with which the Jews are to wage their own war for independence are not those with which the rest of Russia has downed the bureaucracy. They are weapons of commerce. Russia, to make herself a new nation, must not only establish a democratic legislature; she must do something far more important, she must develop her trade and industries. The Russian people can not send delegates to a parliament to bring about the millenium by legislation.

This is the opportunity the Jews are waiting for. The merchant princes of Russia are almost all Jews. The machinery of commerce is in the hands of the Jews, and it is on them that Russia will have to rely for the second step in her journey toward modern progress and enlightenment. For so many years have the Jews been the commercial leaders of the empire that no Gentile competitors can hope to rival them.

Russia must turn to her Jewish population for help after the nation has seen that parliamentary independence alone will not put the country on a sound progressive basis, and then the Jews will have the hotel in their own hands.

John Smith. "My friends," to the officers, "you're made a blunder and——"

"I begin to believe we have," said the younger of the two men, consulting a paper. "Our man was two inches shorter and had a mole on the left side of his nose. It was John Smith, though, of No. 302 Lebanon street——"

"This is 222!" cried the landlady.

"Exactly," said the officer. "Mr. John Smith, I ask your pardon."

"Pardon is granted," said Smith. And Clara Heanery began to cry and tremble, after her soft, girlish fashion.

"Oh, dear, dear!" faltered she. "what have I said? Please Mr. Smith, don't remember it, now that——"

"But I shall remember it," said Mr. Smith, gallantly, bowing her

CITY WINS FROM SEAGRAVE COMPANY

The jury in the case of the Seagrave company of Columbus, Ohio, against the city of Spokane brought in a verdict for the city yesterday, thus saving the city $2750. The Seagrave people claimed a bill had not been paid for a hook and ladder which was sold to the city by L. S. Mallory, who was at that time representing the company. Mallory accepted the check of the city and cashed it in Spokane. He did not turn over the money to the Seagrave company.

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are [illegible] money and Tar [illegible]

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

"What's all that row about?"
"The snake charmer's scared half to death."
"What scared her?"
"She thought she saw a mou se."

VERSATILE YOUNG WOMAN

"I saw Miss De Swiftun riding bareback the other day."
"Don't say so. I saw her at the theater the same way."

Marcus Aurelius of 1800 years ago, and the Egyptian priest of 6000 or 7000 years ago. Also Mr. Plummer of today.

A VICTIM OF OVERCONFIDENCE

"Zhese matches all fakes. Th at'sh third one that wouldn't burn. I've been shwindled."

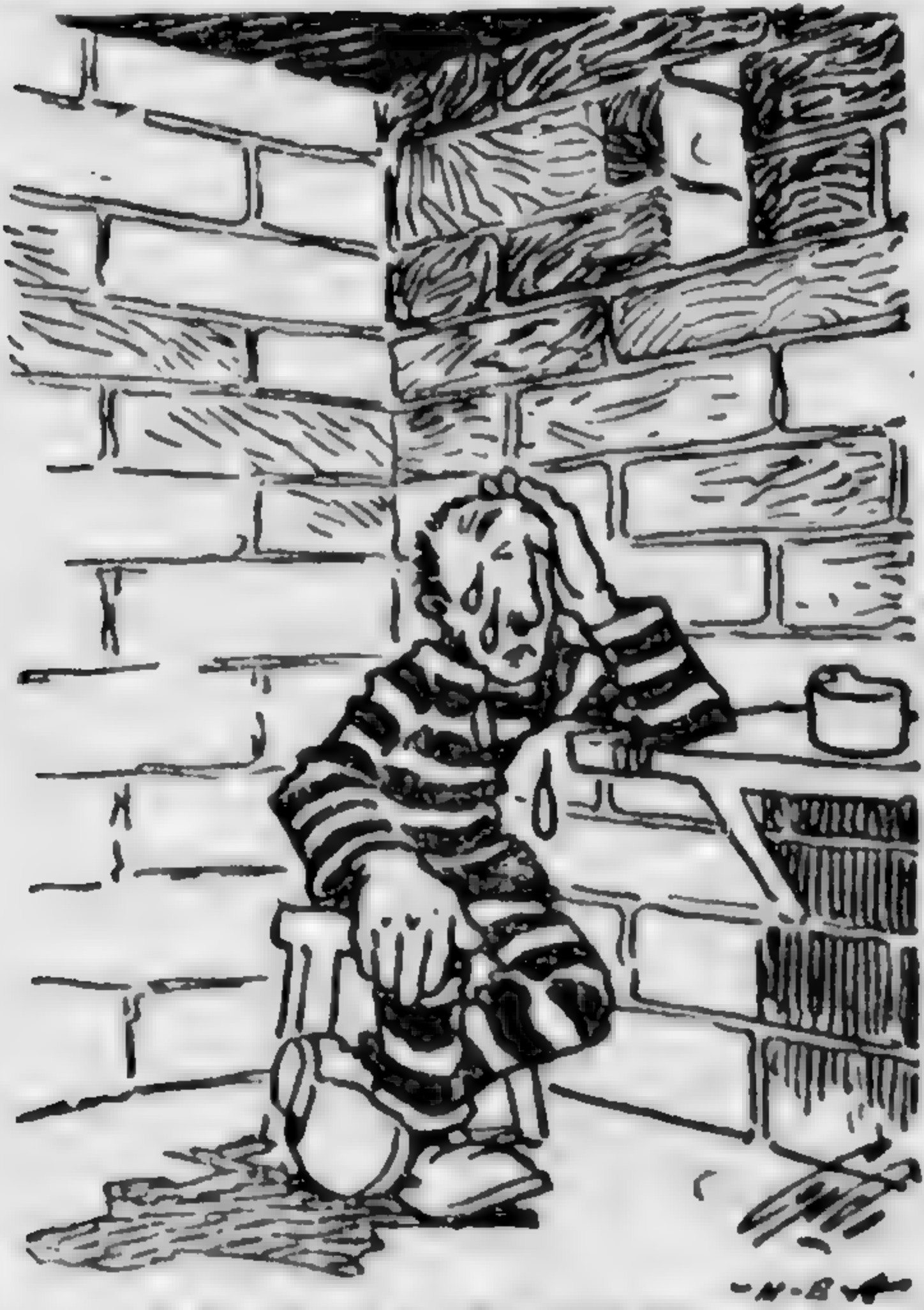
is shown in the little speech he made the Detroit fans on the occasion of his last appearance in that city in the season just closed. After announcing the batteries in the

People's Gas.

HANDY JIM AND HIS PAINT BRUSH

"Look, Jim, at the spot. I can't go with you. It's the last clean waist I have."

"Well, I guess I've fixed you up so everybody'll think it's a brand new waist."



PENT UP EMOTION.

CALLING HIM DOWN.

FOOT BALL FROM THE OUTSIDE

"Say, Bill, did you ever play football?"

"Who, me? I sh'd say not. I don't take no chances like that uv killin' myself."

FOOT BALL FROM THE OUTSIDE

"This is purty fierce work, pard."

"Yes, but you c'n always find a lot uv people worse off'n yerself. Howdye like t' be playin' a game uv football?"

ONLY AN AMATEUR SHOPPER

This shows how Judson felt when he stopped at the department store at his wife's request to buy a package of hairpins for her.

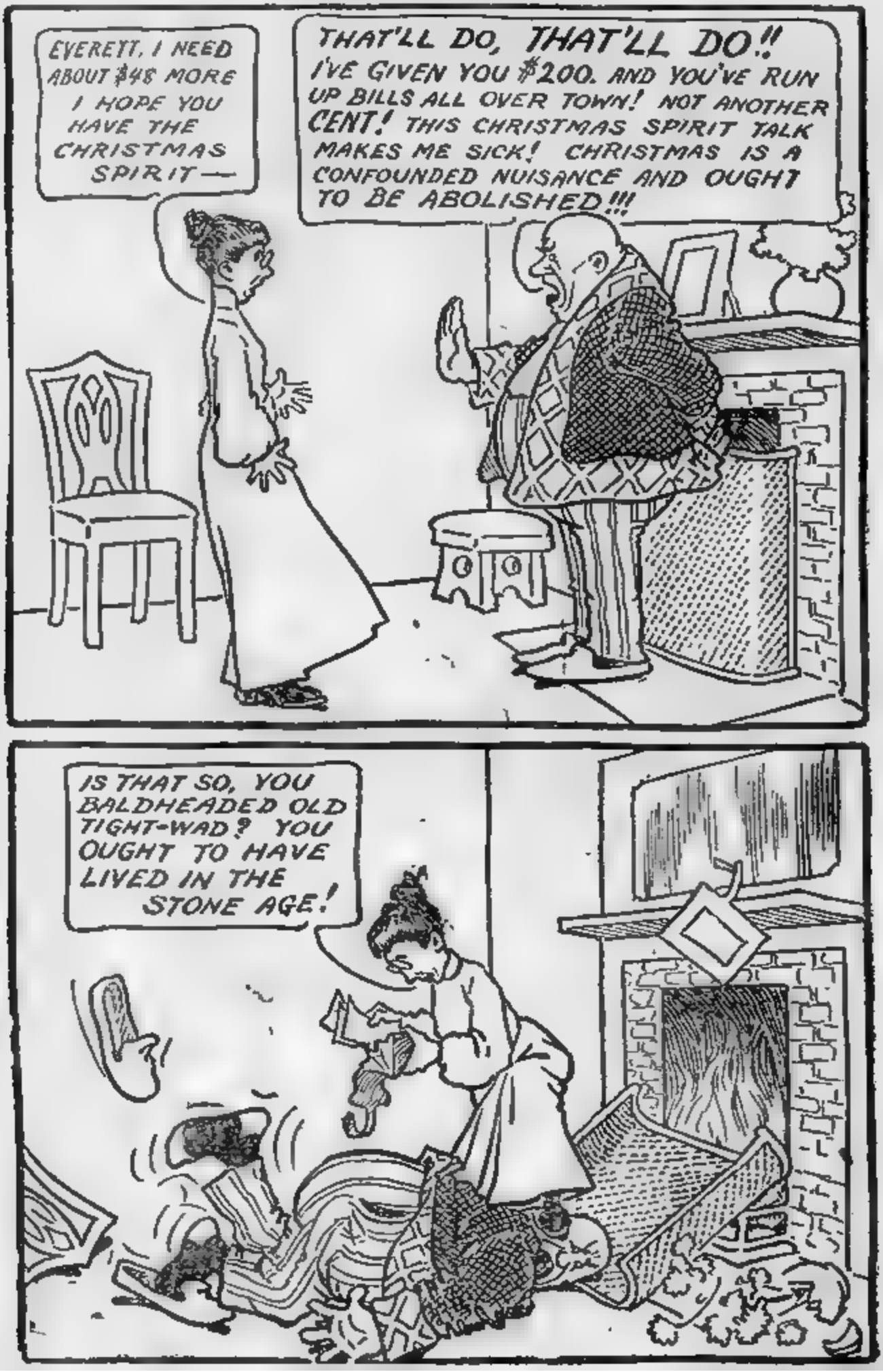
THOROUGHLY AROUSED

"Agnes looks dreadfully bad. My, how thin she has grown."

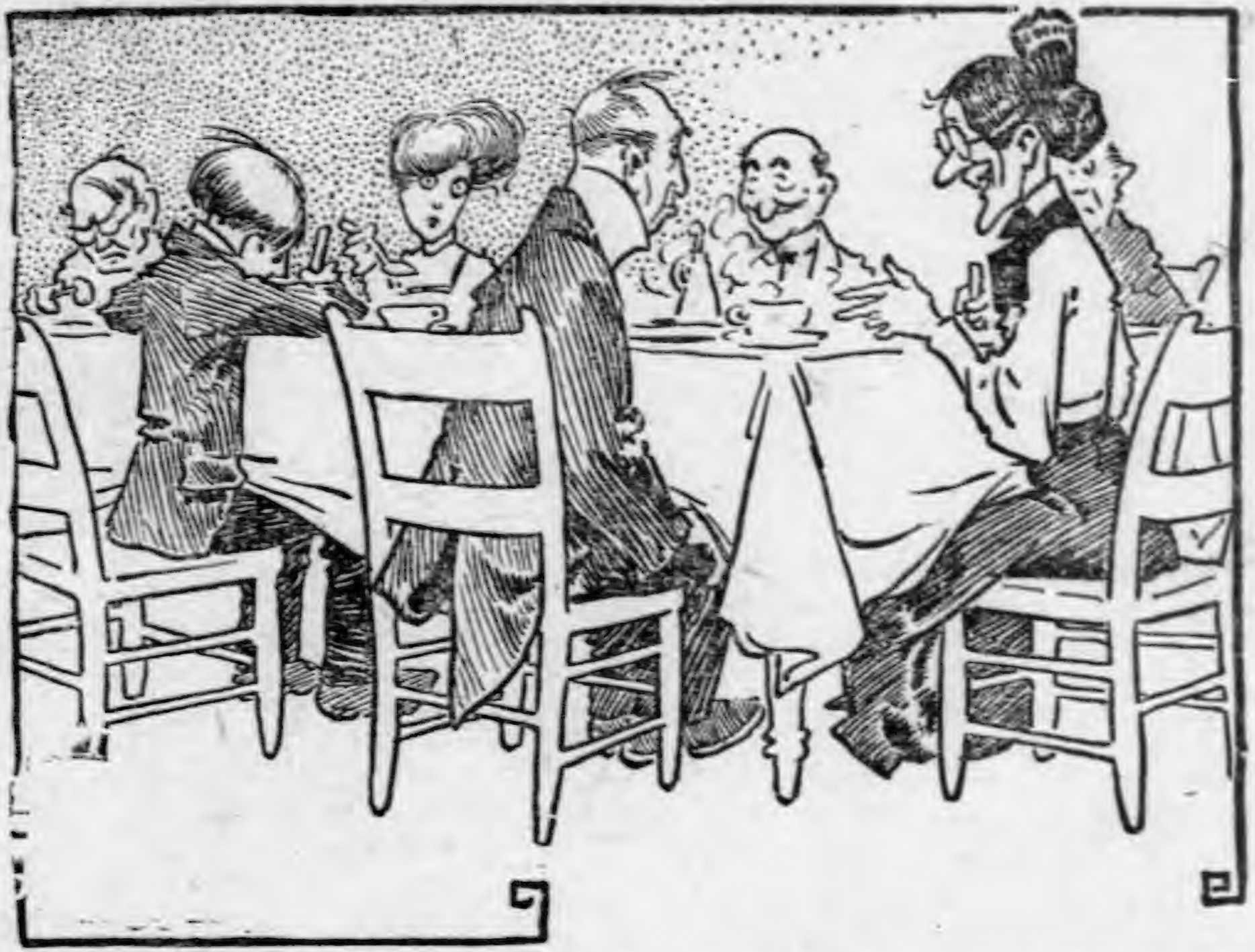
"Doesn't she realize her condi tion? Hasn't she done anything to save herself?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. She consulted her doctor yesterday and she changed dressmakers a month ago."

EVERETT TRUE AND CHRISTMAS SHOPPING


EVERETT, I NEED ABOUT $48 MORE I HOPE YOU HAVE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT—
THAT'LL DO, THAT'LL DO!! I'VE GIVEN YOU $200. AND YOU'VE RUN UP BILLS ALL OVER TOWN! NOT ANOTHER CENT! THIS CHRISTMAS SPIRIT TALK MAKES ME SICK! CHRISTMAS IS A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE AND OUGHT TO BE ABOLISHED!!!
IS THAT SO, YOU BALDHEADED OLD TIGHT-WAD? YOU OUGHT TO HAVE LIVED IN THE STONE AGE!

FOLLOWING THE RULE

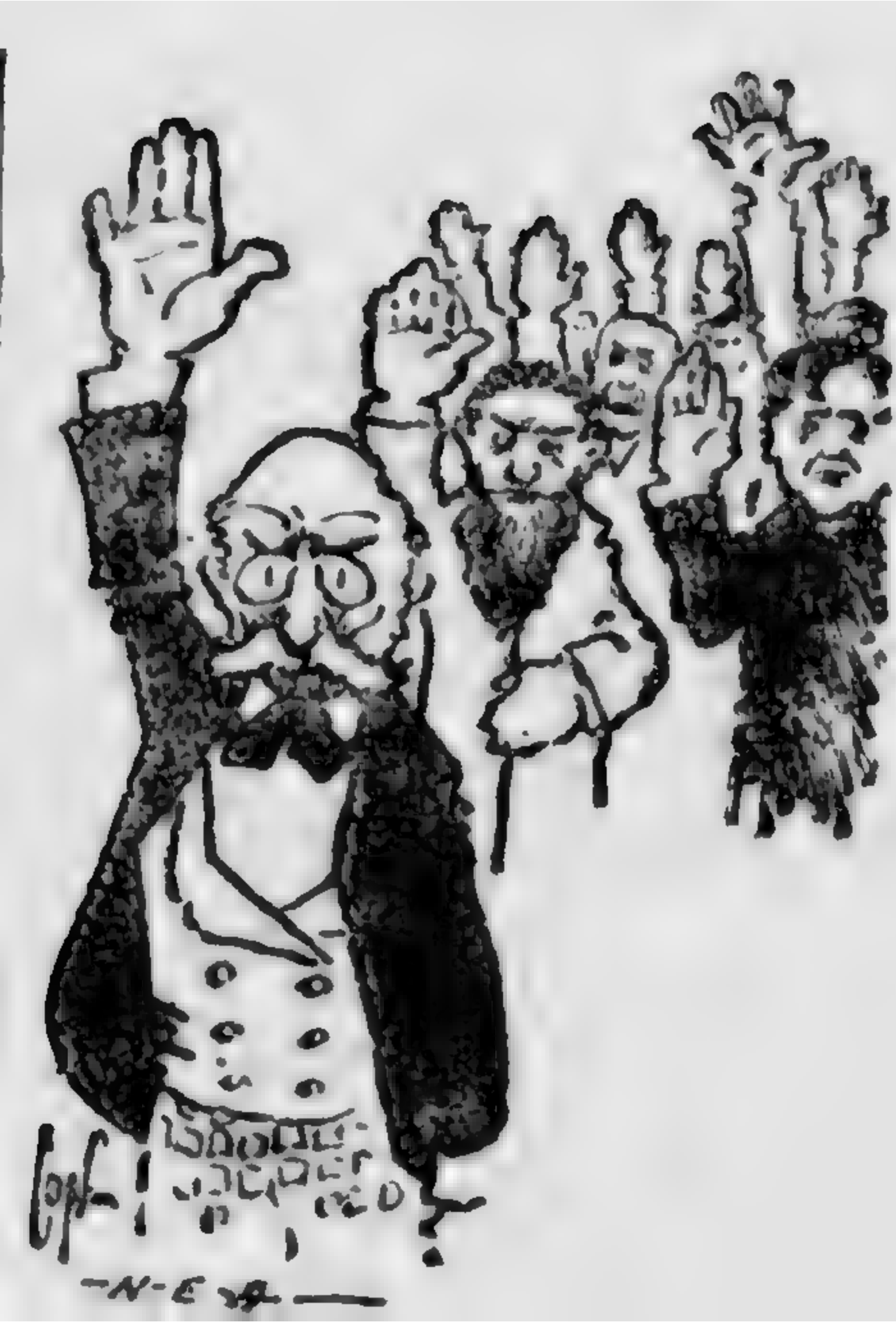


Mr. Nuebcarder—Of course, Mrs. Meals, you believe in Sunday observance.
Mrs. Meals—Indeed I do. We never let a Sunday go by without a chicken dinner.

IT LOOKED THAT WAY

"W'y dontcher go in an' git th' job, Bill?"
"Yes, an' git fired in de evenin'"

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP IN SPUNKVILLE



TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

"Who's that battered up fellow?"
"He's one of the heroes of 1905."
"1905? What war—"
"No war. Annapolis graduate."

FOUR SHORT CHAPTERS OF AMERICAN POLITICS

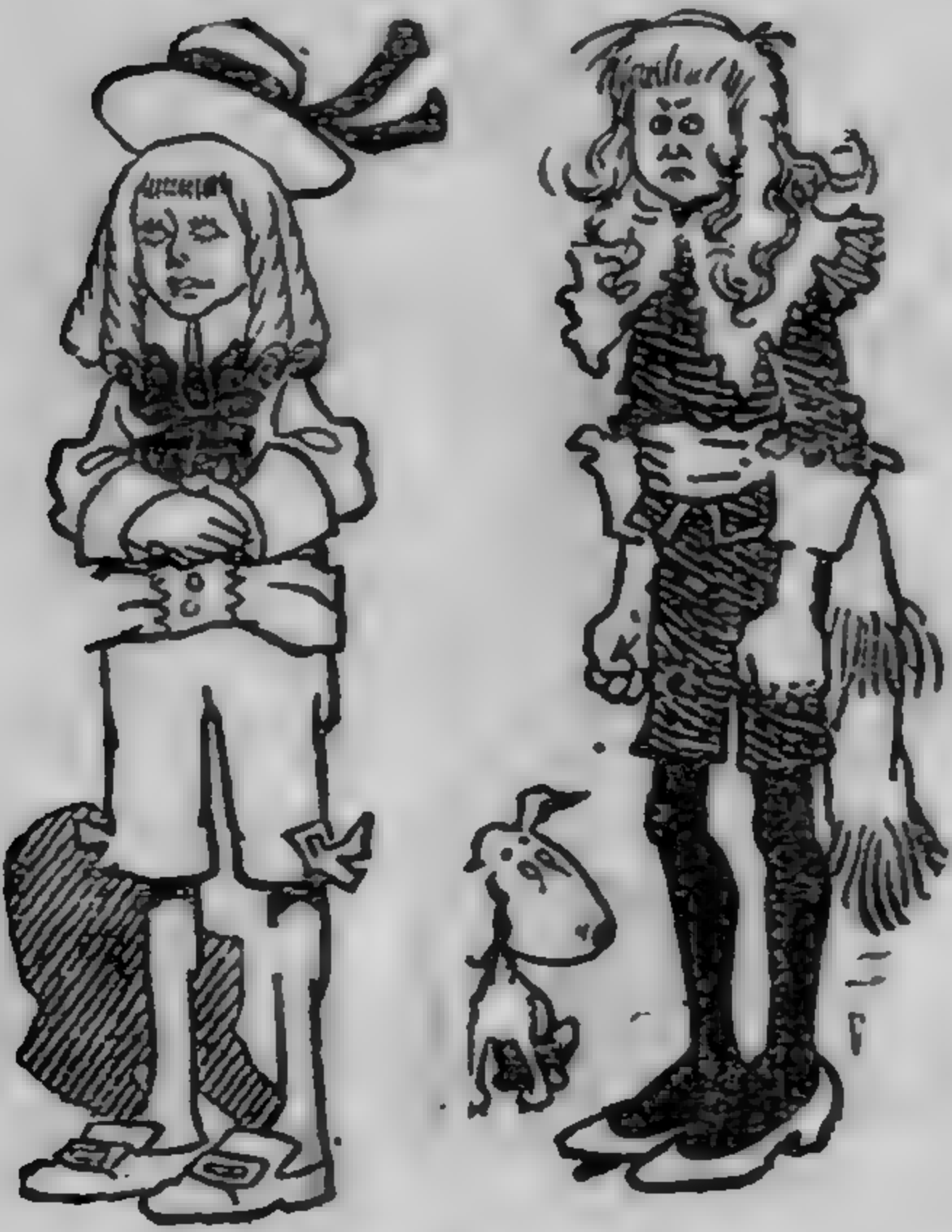
I. This was a common scene when Bill Grafterly was the 'steenth ward's representative in council.

II After serving two terms in council, Bill Grafterly went to the Legislature. But he didn't seem to be quite so popular.

III Somehow or other Grafterly didn't seem to have so many warm and cordial friends among his constituents after he was sent to Congress.

IV. Last step of all, he was a United States Senator.

A CARD TERM.



"Two of a Kind."

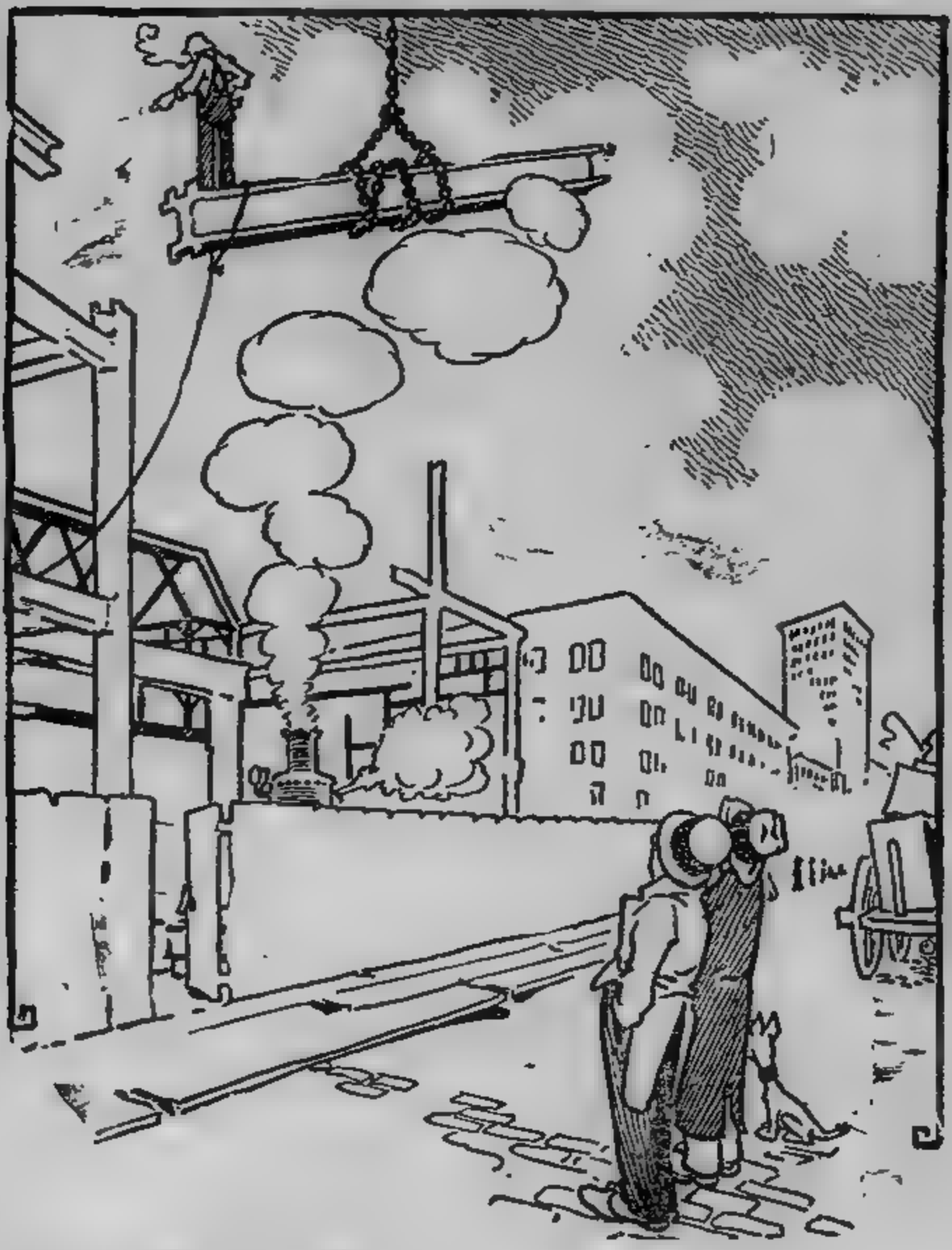
CONGRESSMAN JONES STUDIED THE RAILROAD QUESTION

MAW! PA WON'T LET ME PLAY WITH MY CHOO-CHOO CARS!
ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR, I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I GET THIS ENGINE TO WORKING
HENRY JONES, YOUR DINNER HAS BEEN ON THE TABLE TEN MINUTES!

ALL TRUTH, NO POETRY

The joy is not always in the chase.

FOUND IT AT LAST



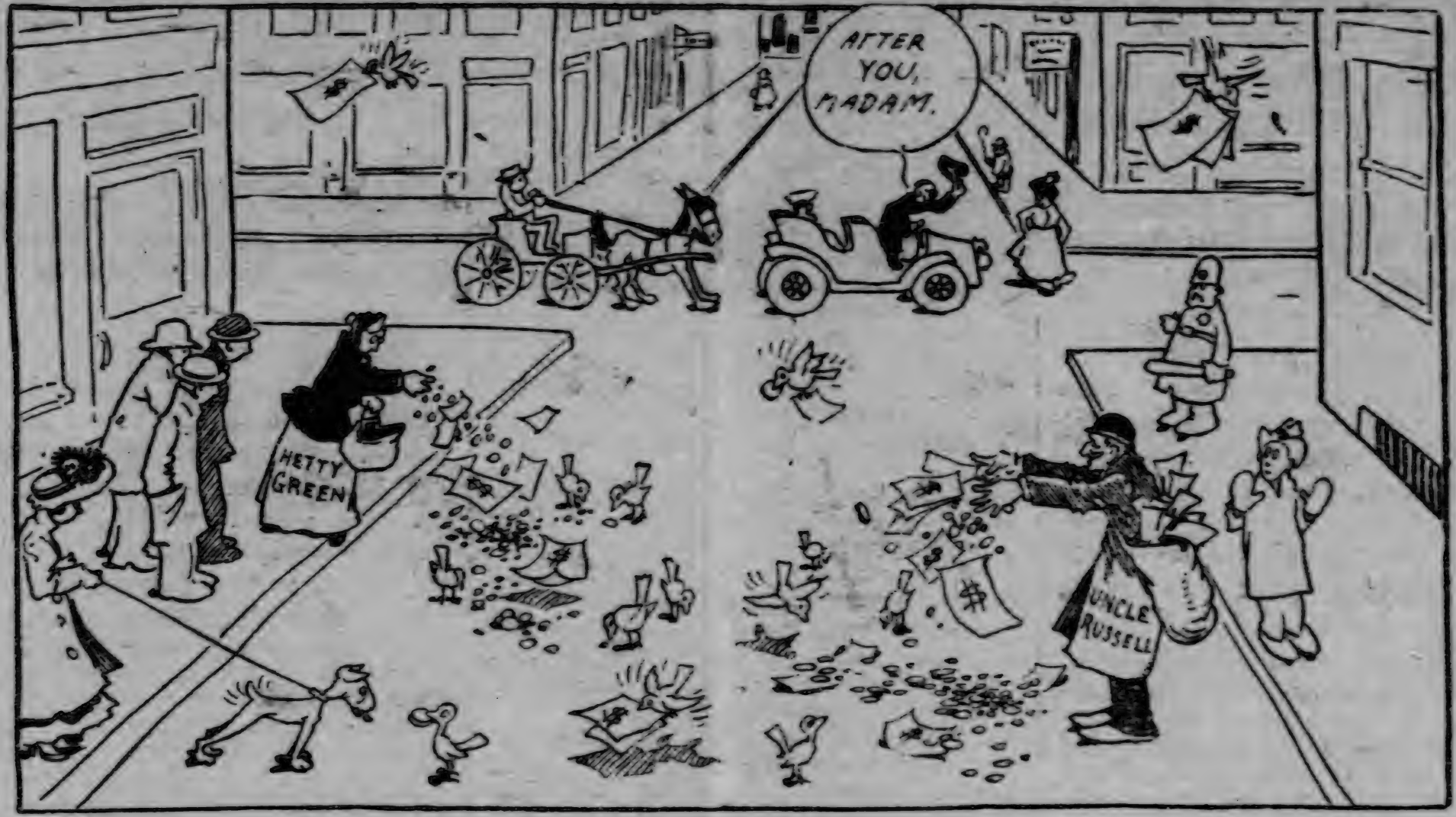
"I hope O'Brien is satisfied at last."
"Why?"
"I heard him say the other day that he was looking for a steady job."

HIRED ON THE SPOT

"Can you bake bread?"
"Indeed, an' I can, ma'am."
"And can you make hot cakes?"

"I can that, ma'am. But if ye'd asked me to make cold ones, ma'am, I'd have to say no."

THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED BUT WON'T



FISH FEAST OF FREE FOOTMEN

Hungry Hank—Did any of yez ever see a Fish Hawk?

Knocking Noodle—Now, a fish does'nt hawk; it never catches cold.

Toilless Tired—Aw, he means a bird. I saw'd a fish hawk onceo on a fish en I knocked him off his Perch.

Knocking Noodle—You must have been Piking.

Hungry Hank—I t'ink it wuz a Sucker play at dat. Tired duzzent know one fish from anudder.

Hinglish Ennery—'E does, y' know; 'is hancistors were Finns. Eel do.

Hungry Hank—Let's wake up Happy John and bid him to the feast.

Knocking Noodle—Naw, don't Sturgeon. He's hard of Herring. Let him Flounder.

French Pete—A Bass wid ze Happy John.

Hungry Hank—All right, I ll sing you Bullheads a song:

"T'rout me days I'll sound de praise of good old——"

But just then the shore watchman appeared and announced: "You bobos Muscallonge."

YOUR PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN REDUCED
I'LL NOT WRITE ANOTHER LINE
WE'LL LOAN OURSELVES NO MORE MONEY
OUR SALARIES MUST BE CUT
WE'LL ELECT YOU PRESIDENT, TOM
POLICY HOLDER
DIRECTOR
TOM LAWSON
DIRECTOR
DIRECTOR

YES, I'VE GIVEN UP SOCIETY
LET'S GO TO LUNCH, BOOK.
BEN TILLMAN
BOOKER T.
NO MUD THIS SPRING
NO; CITY'S KEEPING STREETS CLEAN

IT HAPPENS ONCE IN AWHILE

THE PROOF OF IT

"This milk isn't fit to drink. It's sour."

Yes, sir. I know it.

You know it and gave it to me just the same?"

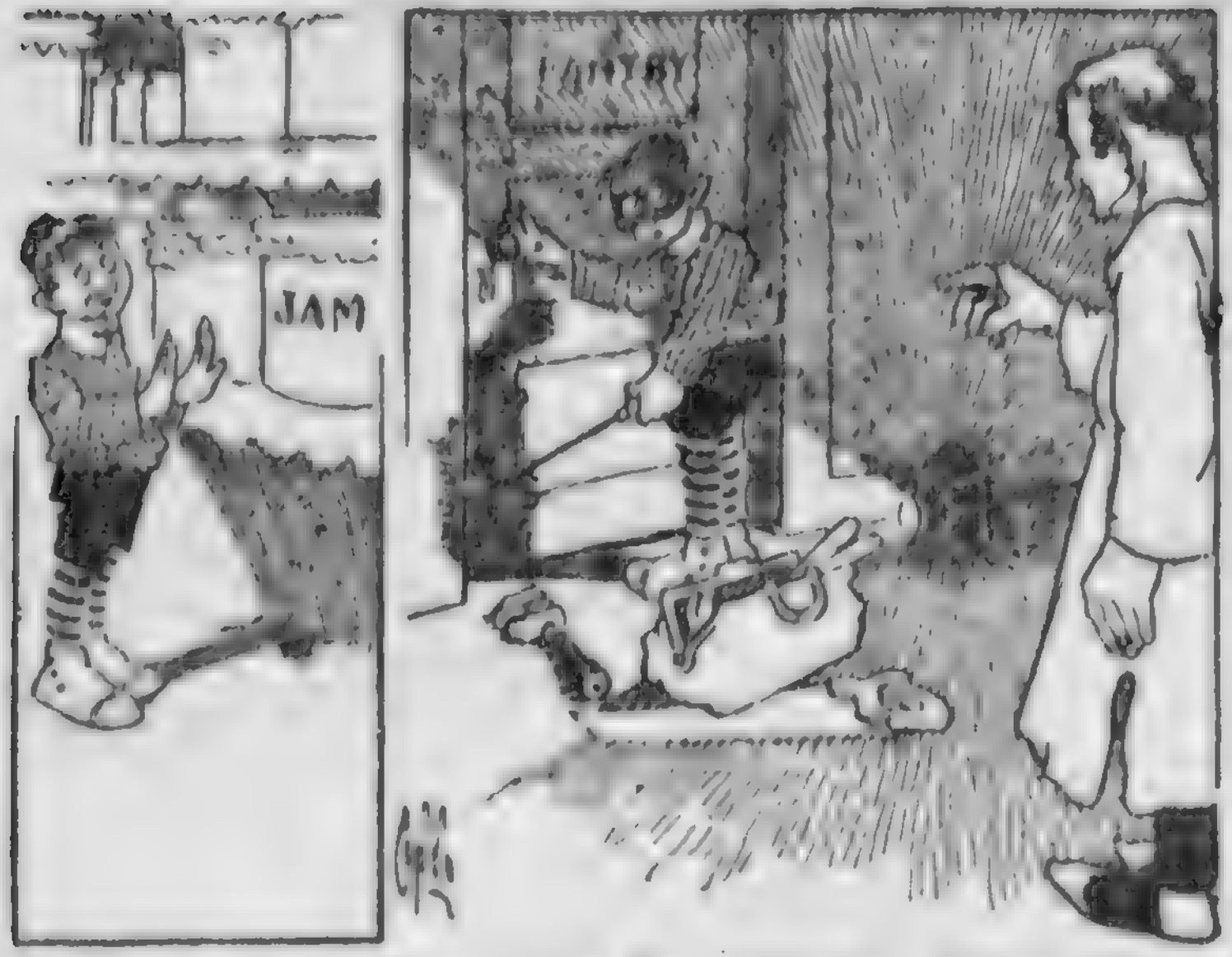
Yes, sir. In these days of pure food agitation we serve it sour to prove there's no formaldehyde in it.

THE 1907 GIRL

By A. D. Condo.

Gaze upon the Girl of 1907. As she sprints down the thoroughfare it is plainly to be seen that she is at home among trolley cars and sprinkling carts and skyscrapers. With what energy she digs her decisive heels into the asphalt! By that same token she is at home on the tennis court and on the golf links, and if she had off her amplitudinous bonnet she could swing a pair of Indian clubs in a way to surprise her fondest admirer. She is dressed up to the minute, and at home she has still other vestments which make her a thing of beauty when they are fitted upon her athletic curves. The Girl of 1907 will never die of fatty degeneration of the heart, nor will she dry up of old age, for her spirits are light and hope springs eternal in her joyous breast.

THAT BOY NEXT DOOR



The mind of a small boy is incomprehensible. You can't place his thoughts. It is distinctly thus with That Boy Next Door.

His ma took advantage of the high prices of fresh fruit to put up several quarts of plum preserves. They came to 40 cents a quart, which is a great saving, if you can figure it out.

That Boy Next Door of course had several good chances to cop [illegible] the day, when the stuff was sitting round unprotected, but he withstood the temptation. Indeed he would have been welcome to a dishful of it. But no, he did not care for it [illegible]. It was altogether too easy.

This probably accounts for what followed. At dead of night the family was awakened by a noise from the direction of the pantry, and the boy's father got up to investigate.

There was That Boy Next Door, fitted out in a home-made mask prying away at the pantry door like a [illegible].

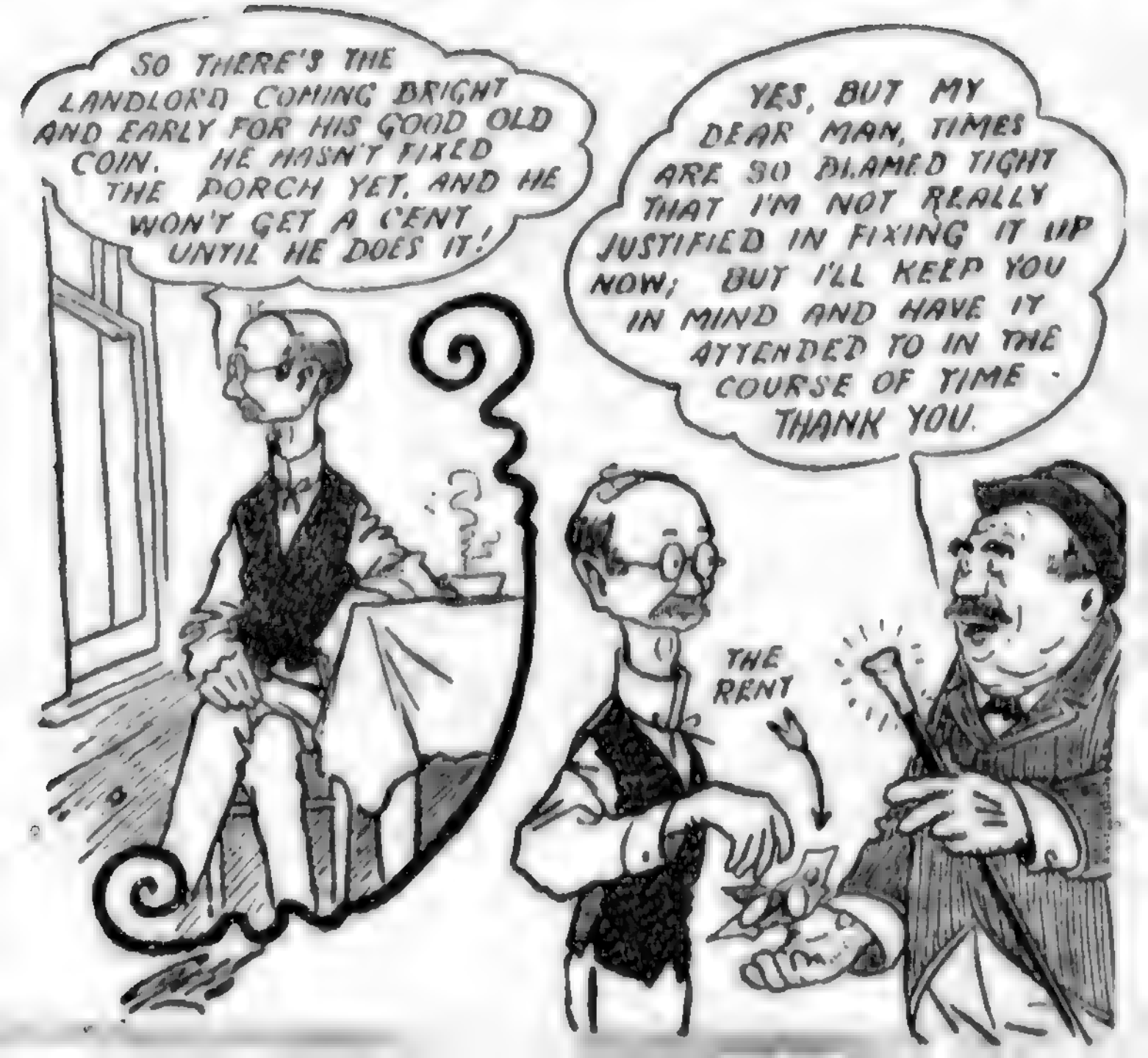
How true the saying that "stolen sweets are sweetest."

WHEN WIVES GET AN 8-HOUR DAY---BY A. D. CONDO

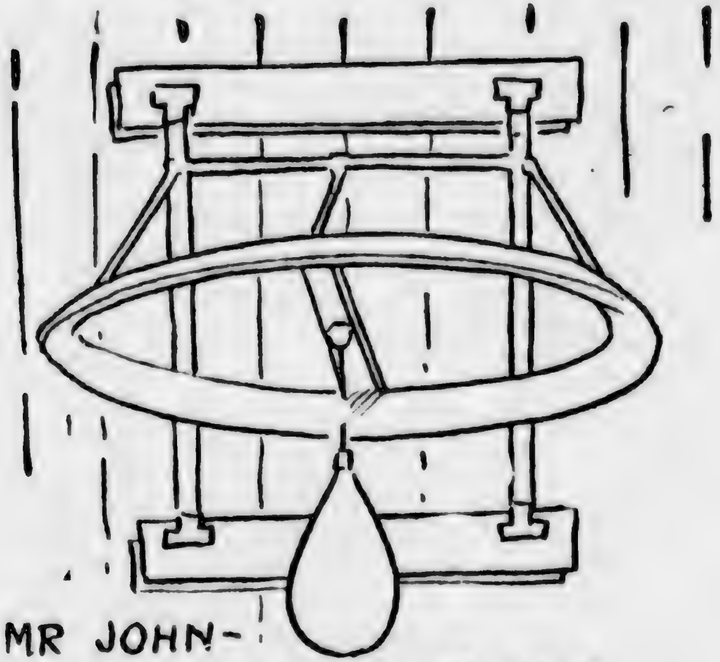
SAY MARY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE KID?
FIND OUT! I'VE PUT IN EIGHT HOURS TODAY
WELL, GET YOUR COAT OFF ANL FINISH THIS UP!
"Woman's Work is Never Done"
AND TO THINK I VOTED FOR ROOSEVELT!!!

IF MEN ARE TO HAVE AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY, LET WIVES HAVE THE SAME, SAYS THEODORE.

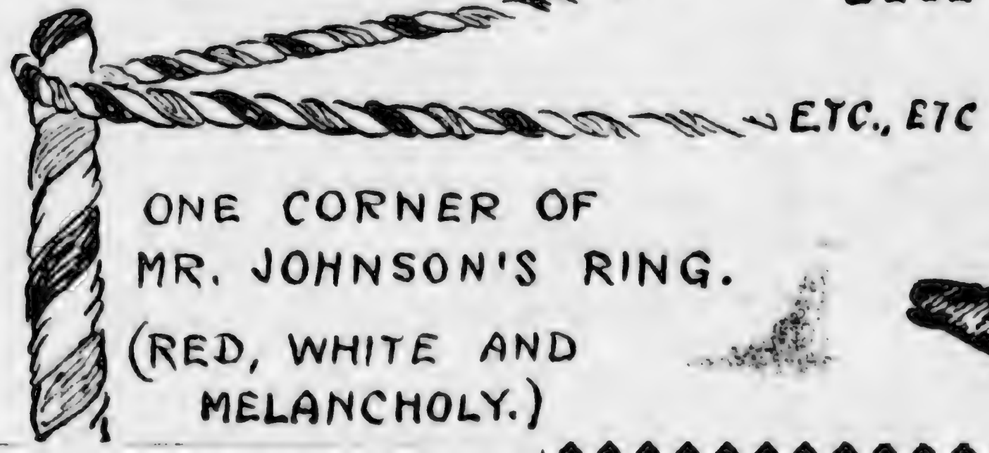
MR. JELLYFISH.


SO THERE'S THE LANDLORD COMING BRIGHT AND EARLY FOR HIS GOOD OLD COIN. HE HASN'T FIXED THE PORCH YET, AND HE WON'T GET A CENT UNTIL HE DOES IT!
YES, BUT MY DEAR MAN, TIMES ARE SO DAMED TIGHT THAT I'M NOT REALLY JUSTIFIED IN FIXING IT UP NOW; BUT I'LL KEEP YOU IN MIND AND HAVE IT ATTENDED TO IN THE COURSE OF TIME. THANK YOU.
THE RENT

JUST A MATTER OF TASTE : : By Condo

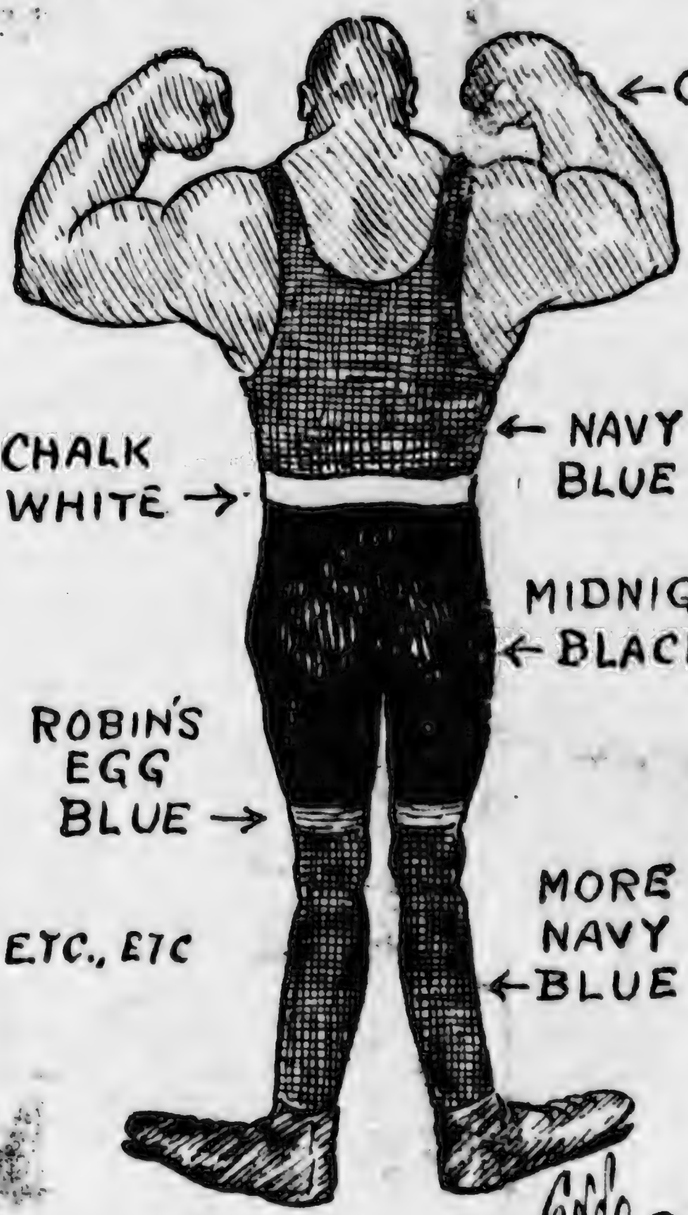


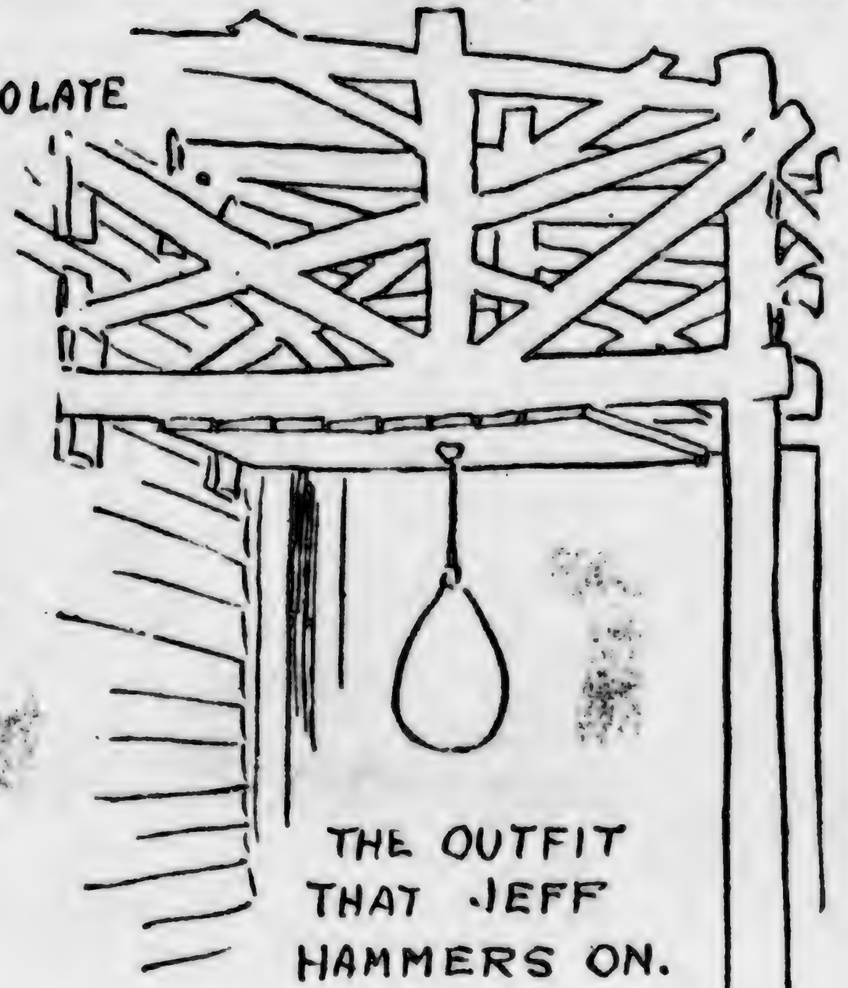
MR JOHNSON'S TRIM PUNCHING MACHINE.



ONE CORNER OF MR. JOHNSON'S RING.

(RED, WHITE AND MELANCHOLY.)





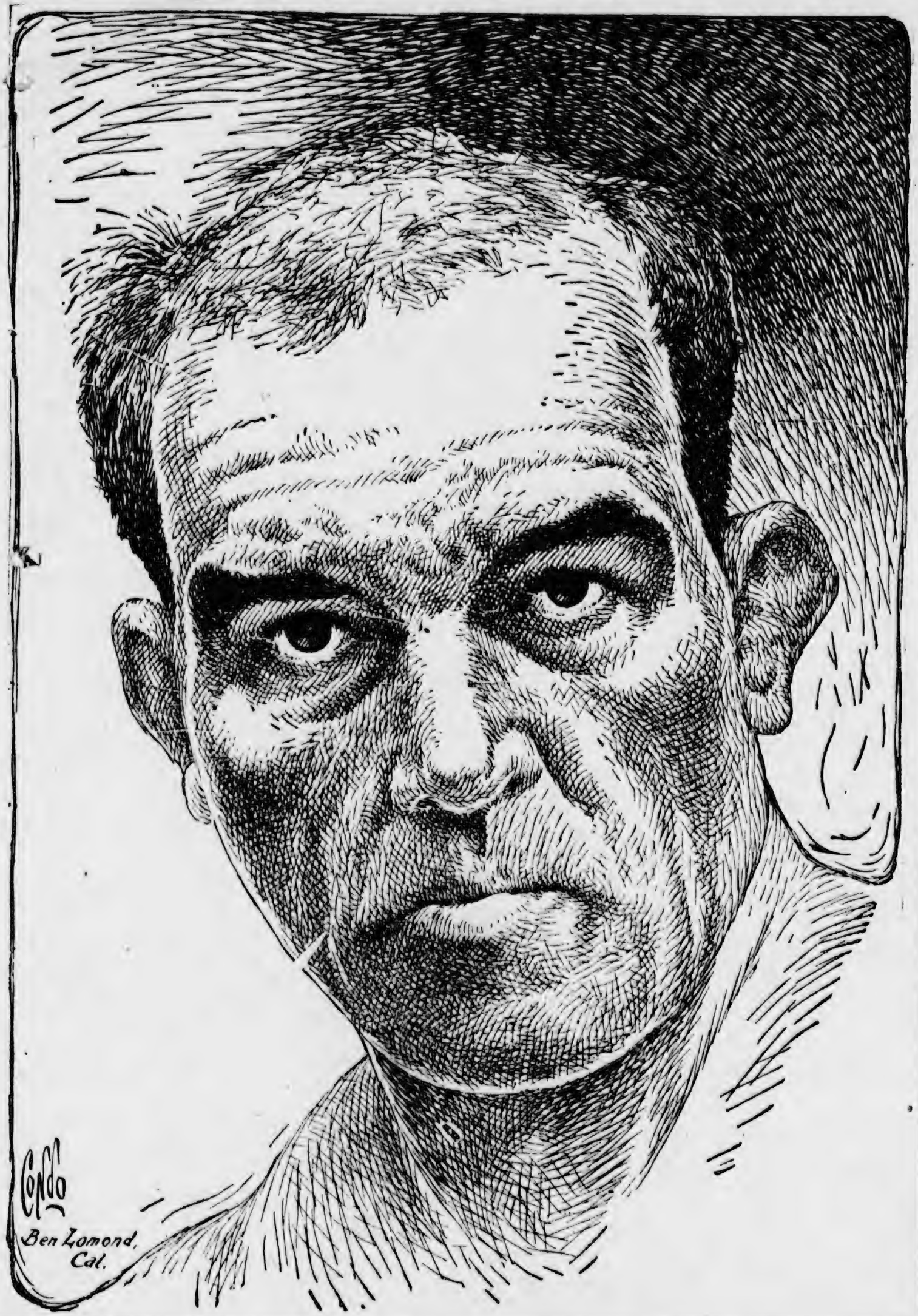
THE OUTFIT THAT JEFF HAMMERS ON.

NOBODY KNOWS HOW MANY PIECES OF CALIFORNIA TIMBER IT CONTAINS.

Condo San Francisco, Cal.

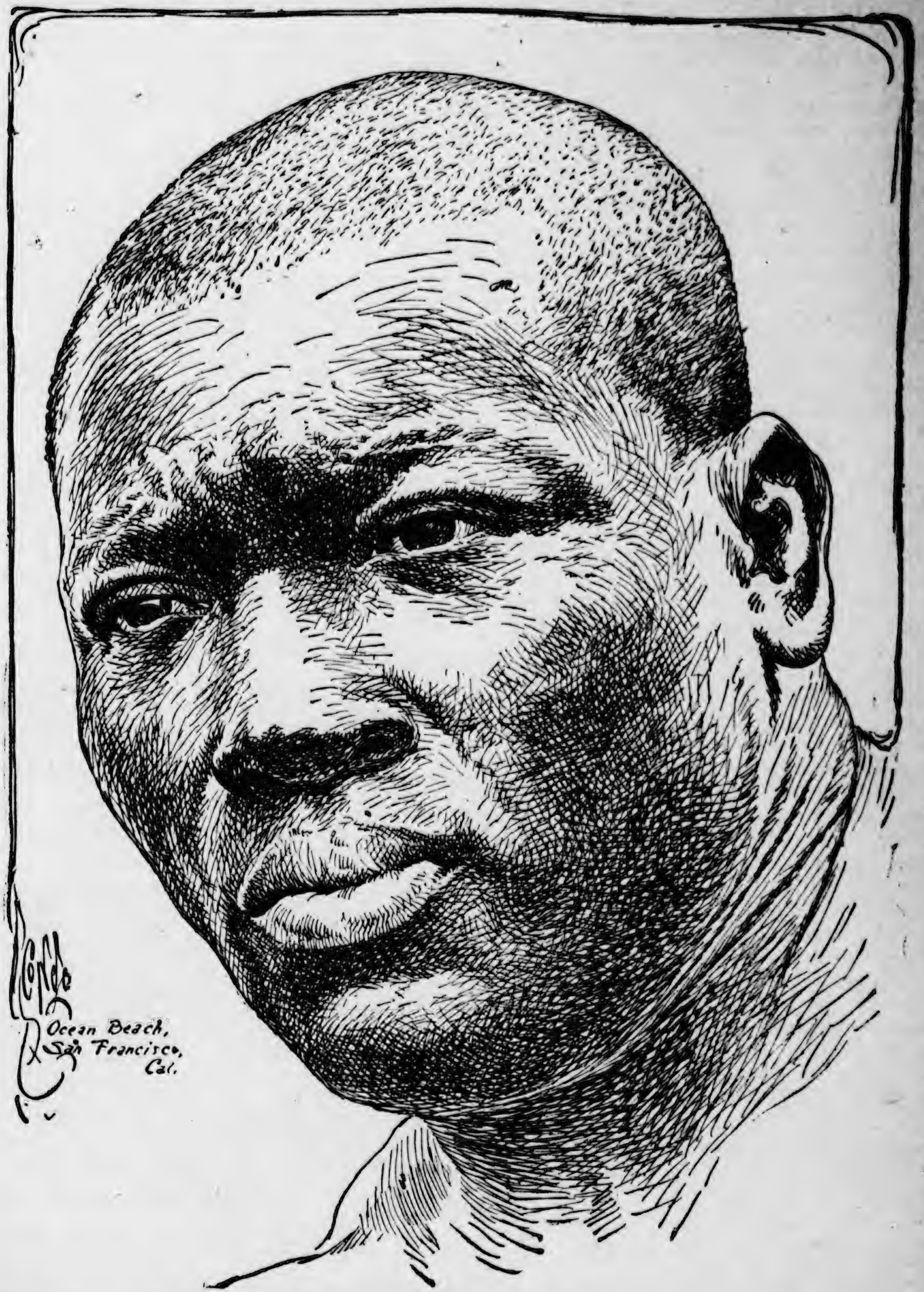
JAMES JEFFRIES' FIGHTING FACE

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY A. D. CONDO.



JACK JOHNSON'S FIGHTING FACE

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY A. D. CONDO.



Pests of Good Old Summertime---"The Man Who Rocks the Boat"

As Imagined, Pictured and Described by the Artist Staff of The Press.

No, this is not a lizard—its forehead is too low. Besides, host lizards are inoffensive.

Oh, sure, it's alive, and a relative of the human race twice removed (and once kicked out).

At this point we begin to realize that this is the pest that rocks the boat. It thrives in all aquatic regions. After death it thrives in a region far from aquatic. But, then, we are not concerned with its future.

See it smile! It's as happy as a water moccasin, for it has just succeeded in drowning its fiancee and her mamma.

LEET

At first glance one might mistake it for a cantaloupe. But it isn't. Look closely and you can see that it has eyes, nose and mouth of an order which shows it related, distantly if you will, to the human race. It lacks only the spinal cord, so necessary to nourish the gray matter of the brain. Yes, autopsies have revealed rudimentary forms of brain in this near-human.

One should not cultivate the acquaintance of Boat Rockers, because cut flowers are equally quite expensive in quantities required to make a showing at a funeral.

VALENTINE

I do not mean to say that the imbecile who oscillates the rowboat, really looks like this. I rather show how his physiognomy would appear, were it on the same plan as his mind. He, she, or it, may be handsome outwardly (a rotten egg may look fair to the eye), but underneath that adamant skull is a large void in which the average animal harbors at least a spoonful of brains.

Boat Rockers rarely know how to swim, which is a good thing, because otherwise they would live to repeat the trick.

An oar, boat hook or any convenient implement should be used to push their heads under, once they are in the water.

GRUE

The Excelcus Pinhead, as I call this boneheaded brute can be found at any watering place except Wall street. It is an aggravated member of the Phoolish Phamily. Although the noodle of this pest resembles in contour that of Mr. Skygack, they bear no relation to each other. In fact, Mr. Skygack could get by in a crowd of highbrows, but this gorilla would be instantly lassoed for the Smithsonian institution.

It delights with ghoulish glee in the helplessness and appealing cries of its victims, and for that reason usually selects a defenseless woman.

MEEK

But for this Original Idiot fish would starve.

As a biological study, he furnishes an intensely interesting specimen of mammal almost devoid of upper cranial development. Notice the toboggan forehead. Nature, however, has generously endowed him with a pretty good physique, rendering him capable of swimming to shore, from which point of vantage he may watch the last struggles of the victims of his standard joke.

If you are not tired of looking at him, please notice how his sense of humor is crowded down into his teeth.

CONDO

BACK TO THE SOIL

Grand Central Charley—Don't you ever intend to quit buncoing farmers, Pete?

Gold Brick Pete—Sure; after I get enough money to buy a farm to live on.

SOMEONE ELSE TO SUPPORT.

"Did old man Popton faint when his daughter announced that she had married, because that was the first he heard of it?

"No, not that. It was because it was not the last he would hear of it."

"I AM POSITIVE I WAS DOPED"---J. J. JEFFRIES

QUEEN DREAMOWISKY, GIPSY SEERESS AND CHAIR CANER, REVEALS THAT ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE "PRIMITIVE MAN" WENT UP AGAINST THE "ABYSMAL BRUTE" SHE HAD A VISION OF A MULATTO BANSHEE SPRINKLING PAPRIKA IN THE FORMER'S MASSAGE CREAM.

OLD DOC. CALABASH, THE HOROLOGIST, ANNOUNCES THAT THE SINISTER CAPSULE WAS IN AZIMUTH ON EITHER THE FIRST, SECOND OR THIRD DAY AT MOANA SPRINGS. JEFF BELIEVES THE STARS BECAUSE HE SAW THEM IN THE RING.

PROF. PTOMAINE, THE GREAT PTOXICOLOGIST, AFTER ANALYSING THE BLOOD ON JACK JOHNSON'S MITTS, FINDS TRACES OF SAFFRON, YELLOW OCHRE, MADDER AND GOLD PAINT. HE DEDUCES THAT SOME HEARTLESS GAZOOK SLIPPED ESSENCE OF OROIDE INTO JEFF'S MORNING MILK.

CAPT. EMIL O'CAULIFLOWER, SUPT. OF THE KEYHOLE DEFECTIVE AGENCY, HAS A CLUE BASED ON A NEW THEORY. HE SAYS THE PERPETRATOR'S TRACKS COULD NOT BE COVERED UP WITH A HORSE BLANKET, BUT IT IS NEXT DOOR TO NOT-AT-ALL TO PROVE ANYTHING.

DO YOU KNOW I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT JEFFRIES DOPE TALK — - • ···

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE **FORGET IT !!!**

WOEFUL INCONSISTENCY.

Condoling Friend—What defeated you was your mistake in campaigning.
Defeated Candidate—How was that?
Condoling Friend—In trying to get the silent vote you necessarily ignored the suffragets.